

## JENNY JUNE.

Homes of England—Osborne House and Its Surroundings.

Brooke Castle—The Well, a Sink From Which Preserves Beauty and Life.

Church and Its Historic Associations—The Whipping-Post of Olden Days.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WEST COWES, ENGLAND.—The inhabitants of the Isle of Wight certainly strive to justify the appellation of "garden" bestowed upon the island. Flowers are everywhere in every window, in front of every house, in every hand, in every buttonhole, upon every table. Two pretty glass vases and a small dish are filled with flowers at every meal and others occupy the mantelpiece. They are rich, but roses, too, not cultivated up to the hilt, but sweet-smelling, and the body has them, which is their great beauty. You cannot meet a country woman on the road.

WITHOUT HER POST.

Buildings are usually low, two-story structures, and the prettiest are painted with red roofs and flat, diamond-paned windows. But there is an unhappy fondness for bay windows, and though it is a good thing to have a bay window out of place, yet a bay window out of place, and especially several—say four or five windows stuck together, with bay windows to stick a pin between, and forming the entire front of a small, two-story house—is as bad as four noses on one small, insignificant face, occupying it to the exclusion of every feature except the mouth. The talk just now among the good folks is concerning the carriage of the Princess Beatrice, who is spoken of most highly and seems to be heartily loved by everybody. There are subscription papers out among the "old folks" and the "young folks" and the "school children" for giving presents for her, and she will start her housekeeping under the finest auspices. Nothing prettier or more typically English can be imagined than the surroundings of the queen's name and the quiet village church where the remaining daughter is to change her state.

WHIFFINGHAM CHURCH.

Whiffingham church is approached by a road from East Cowes; one, the road, skirting the Osborne estate, higher, the lower, forming a lovely smoothly lined with well-kept, hawthorn hedges, and leading directly past a row of pretty cottages, to which the disabled female dependents of Osborne are retired. The road and cottage to Osborne are commonplace enough, but the grounds are beautiful, and have some fine old trees; the garden and cottages are not visible at all from the highway, but a very good view of them is obtained from the sea coming from Ryde.

OSBORNE HOUSE.

The distance from East Cowes to North Cowes is about a mile, or, to be exact, a mile and a quarter—a pleasant distance. A quarter of a mile further on the road we come to the entrance to Osborne, distinguished only by a scarlet-roofed personage, who takes his ease under the gates, and in appearance and manner is a singular reminder of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, the eminent member of the Northampton. A neat board fence protects the queen's grounds, supplemented by a thick growth of magnificent forest trees inside the inclosure.

Turning down from this road you come to a field through a gate and take a path bordered on one side by tall, waving wheat, well-grown and thrifty, with bright green blades flashing out from its tender grain, not yet mellowed to yellow and brown, and a thick hawthorn hedge on the other—the blossoms are full of russet red shoots shading off into the brown of the twig and the green of the leafage. How full of sweet, heart-breaking beauty this England is, and what suggestive homeliness—to coin a word—in the grouping of Norris Castle.

THE EARLY HOME OF THE QUEEN.

Where she lived and was brought up by her mother, the duchess of Kent. The house, a dwelling, purchased on account of these associations, and the village church, the foundation stone of which was laid by the queen, when she was the Princess Victoria, and in the yard of which her best beloved retainers and many of her friends are buried. The sanctity of the spot and its quiet beauty, faced by the silver thread of the Medina river, cannot be put into words. It is the very spot of all others to be married or buried in, and the Princess Beatrice, when she enters the side gate on July 25 to come out a wedded wife, will be surrounded by associations such as brides have known, and that will have greater interest for her when her husband has been spent than they perhaps have today.

A TYPICAL ENGLISH FAMILY.

And doubt, however, to be most amiable and domestic in her habits, and one could imagine so from her selecting her bridesmaids and her long, loving devotion to her mother. Poor queen! What must be her dread of losing her last and best-loved daughter. A queen so far removed from common sympathy that the loss of husband or child is more than to those who share a common lot and have hosts of sympathizing friends. Certainly the queen is a typical English mother as well as queen, and the "family" are spoken of as being by the strongest ties of affection.

The remarkable letters of the Princess Alice, edited by the Princess Christian, showed that, and exhibited virtues of economy, industry and care-taking, and few give princes credit for it. Well, the queen and the wedding-cake are both the same, and the wedding-cake is both the same and the wedding-cake are both the same. It is supposed so—the gown is composed of that same famous old gown with the crown and V. R. interwoven in its marvelous design, with the thistle and shamrock of the United Kingdom, which decorated her own wedding dress and also that of the crown princess of Germany. Good lace does not go to waste in that family.

CARLSBROOKE CASTLE.

Next to Osborne and Whiffingham, the most interesting trip is to Carlsbrooke castle, the beautiful and picturesque ruins of the prison where Charles I. was

confined. The remains of the walls and gateway are highly interesting from their historic associations, dating from the time of Edward VI., whose brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville, built the latter and left his insignia carved in the stone. The castle stands on a chalky elevation, and is covered with ivy. It is not so commanding in its appearance as many others, but the grounds are lovely, and access is obtained to them by the same door, signified by pulling the handle of the same bell as that which admitted Lord Woodville. But here all similitude ceases. On the other side of the heavy bars and bolts a trim English girl sits with her work-basket and lady's pectoral to receive your fourpence and blazon vanishes. Once inside the gate, visitors bend their steps directly towards the window, from the lower middle panel of which an iron bar has disappeared. This is the aperture through which Charles I. tried to force himself in an endeavor to escape, and back from which into his prison he was drawn with great difficulty, when LIFE WAS ALMOST EXTINGUISHED.

A long flight of steps leads to the keep, but few ascend them; the majority of visitors rush off to the well-room, where a donkey draws the water from a miraculously clear spring, which possesses surprising virtues. Taken every morning within an hour after sunrise it maintains health, preserves beauty, imparts fairness to the complexion and confers the gifts of long life and domestic happiness. These qualities, whatever may be the case now, could not have existed in the time of Princess Elizabeth, the unfortunate daughter of Charles I., who died alone in her youth in this castle. Carlsbrooke, her check resting on the Bible which had been the last gift of her murdered father. It was to this princess that Queen Victoria dedicated the beautiful memorial cross which is considered one of the finest efforts of Baron Marochetti and the principal ornament of Carlsbrooke church, the finest church on the island, containing also three memorial stained glass windows to the memory of the fair and unhappy young princess, one of which was subscribed by the young women of the congregation and is called "The Maiden's Window," the others being presented by the queen and Prince Albert.

THE SHANKLIN CHINE.

A month would not suffice to take in all that is worth seeing and knowing in this little enchanted and enchanting island; and of course the task is hopeless in the space of three all too short days. But we have managed to Shanklin; have walked down through the china, even stepped and picked there; have seen the crab and lobster turn, walked on the esplanade, and ascended the successive flights of stone steps which break up the cliff upon which Shanklin is built. The china is a deep cut, or irregular fissure, in the sea wall, from a quarter to half a mile long, which begins at the top and ends where the water touches the beach. Its high walls and irregular path, broken by steps at the steepest inclines, are a reminder of Watkin's Glen, but the jagged masses of cathedral-like rock are absent, the whole interior of the chasm being a tangle of greenery, with a pretty waterfall and brooks caused by rustic bridges.

Chines are very numerous on the Isle of Wight. There is the Whale chine, the Black-gang chine, Walpen chine, and numerous others, but none so famous as the Shanklin chine. Rev. Leigh Richmond, in the "Young Cottager," writes a detailed description of Shanklin chine, which was not then so well prepared for visitors as now that it is rented and made part of the hotel property that stands at its summit. Shanklin has bathing machines and a fine beach, though not so good as Ryde, but it lacks the attractiveness of West Cowes, possibly because it is more shut in and less varied in its marine character. The old part of the town is, however, very charming with its Elizabethan manor-house, its rows of thatched cottages and narrow, shady lanes. It is at the corner of such a lane leading to the chine that a rustic fountain is erected, for which Longfellow wrote the inscription when on a visit to Shanklin in 1857:

O traveler, stay thy weary feet,  
Drink of this fountain pure and sweet,  
It flows for rich and poor the same.  
Then go thy way remembering still  
The wayside will benefit the hill,  
The cup of water in his hand.

OLD BON CHURCH.

Those who are familiar with the work of Mr. J. W. Cropley, the well-known artist, will remember his picture of the old church at Bon Church in the Isle of Wight. It was all the more remarkable in its gray tones and general fidelity to the natural truth of its age and environment, because it formed so strong a contrast to the warm tints and sunny landscapes in which his brush delights. The old Bon church in the village of Bon Church has not been used for many years for Sunday services; these take place in a modern edifice built in 1837 or thereabouts, but the old church, and it was from this spot that the Rev. William Adams, author of "The Shadow of the Cross," was taken to his resting-place. The village of Bon Church has many interesting literary associations. Carlyle's "John Sterling" is buried here. Tomkinson and Christopher North were visitors here; the former a very frequent one. It is said, before he established himself at Freshwater, whence he is to migrate to Scotland in search of that freedom from intrusive curiosity-hunters which he has all his life—his literary life—been trying to find, seemingly without success—a fate which will probably follow him to his grave.

There are few stocks and whipping-posts left now in England, but there is one in that old town of Brading, where the Rev. Leigh Richmond was pastor, and where he wrote his "Dairymaid's Daughter" and "Little Jane." It is not a cheerful-looking instrument, but it seems as though it might be well to revive it for the benefit of those brutes who maltreat women and children, and whose position in the scale of humanity is so low that they cannot be reached by ordinary methods. Brading is the oldest town on the island, and very rich in associations. But it has no less importance than any other of its livelier neighbors and its principal object of interest is a little cottage once the home of the pious young girl that Leigh Richmond immortalized. It is situated in a little lane at the foot of a

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## MARTIN-BROWN CO.

Will occupy their new and commodious

## FOUR-STORY BUILDING,

Corner Main and Fourth street, opposite Hotel Pickwick, on

AUGUST 15TH.

bill, and a visit to the churchyard hard-by is rewarded by a sight of her grave and a stone to her memory, upon which is the following inscription, written by the wife of a clergyman at Cowes:

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,  
And mark with joyous monument of grace,  
Tread lightly o'er his grave as ye explore  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

A child reposes underneath this sod,  
A child to memory dear and dear to God.  
Rejoice, but shed the sympathetic tear:  
Jane, the young Cottager, lies buried here.

[Copyright].

KEMP.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

KEMP, TEX., July 25.—Holt, the murderer, has not surrendered yet. It is now believed that he has left the country.

There is some excitement over the contemplated vote on the county-site question. Some will vote for Kaufman and others for Terrell.

GLEN ROSE.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

GLEN ROSE, TEX., July 25.—The Cottage hotel is closed and in the hands of creditors, but it will no doubt be opened up again as soon as the claims against it are adjusted.

The telephone connecting this place with Walnut Springs is now in running order. Presiding Elder Miller of Rising Star and Rev. Stanger, pastor of the M. E. church, South, have commenced a protracted meeting in the new church. It will continue two weeks.

BASTROP.

A New Railroad Boom On—A Postmaster Bounced.

Special to the Gazette.

BASTROP, TEX., July 25.—Our railroad problem has, within the past few days, assumed a new form, a tap from the Central being now under consideration. The town wants a road and wants it bad, from whatever direction it may come. Private individuals in Bastrop, among whom are Mr. Waldo and Gen. Faulkner, propose to build an all-steel tap connecting with the Central at either McDade or Rugs, provided the town will raise a bonus of \$50,000. More than forty thousand has already been subscribed and it is thought the remainder will soon be forthcoming. The Republican postmaster at this office, Mr. Charles Wertzner, who has been in for the past twenty years, has been removed, and Charles R. Haynie appointed in his stead. Mr. Haynie is a popular young Democrat and a thorough business man. His appointment gives universal satisfaction.

Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!

Clothing at E. W. Bates', 309 Houston street.

Died at Brady.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

BRADY, TEX., July 25.—A young man died yesterday evening by the name of John Whitman. He was an entire stranger. He had only been here about a week. No one knew anything about him or where he lived. He looked to be about twenty-three years old. He had dark hair and blue eyes and was small and slenderly built. He was buried at 9 o'clock this morning.

If your bread is not just to the "queens taste" use Silver Loaf baking powder.

Fred Fields Arrested.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 26.—Fred H. Fields, the well-known railroad broker and ticket-scalper, was arrested here yesterday charged with forging tickets over the Louisville & Nashville road. He also has offenses to answer for in St. Louis and Chicago.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S

IRON

BITTERS

THE BEST TONIC

On Every Bottle

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